NEXT MONTH: *THE STUDENT*

The Negro Needs EDUCATION

Vol. I NOVEMBER, 1935 No. 7

MANET HARRISON FOWLER

President and Founder of the Mwalimu School for the development of African Music and Creative Art; also, author and projector of "THE GREAT PILGRIMAGE"—See back cover page.

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Vol. I November, 1935 No. 7

EDUCATION, a journal of Reputation, is published by Negro Needs Society once each month with the exception of July and August, when those months are combined into a special summer vacation (July-August) number; 5c the copy; subscription: 50c per year; through the mail, 75c. H. S. McFarland, Editor; E. A. Thompson, Advertising agent and Circulation manager. Office: 654 St. Nicholas Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Negro Needs Society

A Welfare Organization

Established March 26th, 1935

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PLATFORM

A 1 *The education of our people.*

2 *The advertisement of the virtues rather than the vices of our people.*

B 1 *In view of the fact that discrimination hinders rather than aids the progress of a nation, the urgent need for employment of our people in more varied fields than now exists, is obvious.*

2 *In view of the rapid progress of our people since emancipation, inherent ability and competence as a part of their make-up cannot be justly denied. Consequently encouragement and promotion of Negro initiative and businesses on a larger scale.*

C *Whereas housing and housing conditions are deplorable and whereas unscrupulous landlords, taking advantage of the congestion which now exists in Harlem, have resorted to the exploitation of our people in the community, a peaceful, intelligent solution is advocated.*

D *Proper representation of our people in State and National legislatures.*

TABLE OF CONTENTS

EDITORIALS ..... *Page One*
HARLEM AND ORGANIZATION
By H. S. McFarland ..... *Page Two*
THE MEDICAL CARE PROBLEM
By M. E. DuBissette, M.D. *Page Three*
A PRINTING SHOP EPISODE
(*A Short Story*)
By Lionel O. Thornhill..... *Page Four*
JOHN DOE SAYS..... *Page Five*
BRUCE, LEADER 21st A.D... *Page Five*
DRIFTING CLOUDS, Poem
By W. A. Stephenson..... *Page Five*
HEREAFTER? Poem
By Pauline L. Collins..... *Page Five*
TO THE VOTERS OF NEW YORK CITY
By William T. Andrews..... *Page Seven*

EDITORIALS

• • •

VOTE NOW OR UNTIL NEXT ELECTION, HOLD YOUR TONGUE!

Voters of Harlem, *speak now* or be satisfied with what you have or what you get until next election time! You have *no right* to complain of existing conditions in your community if you possess the privilege to vote and do not exercise that privilege! November the fifth is election day! *Go to the polls! Vote!*

Thirty thousand out of a population of 300,000 is no percentage worthy of the City of Harlem. With 100,000 votes, or more, Harlem would be a political Gibraltar. Make it that! We need many things: Better housing conditions and lower rents, more tenement house inspectors, slum clearance, cleaner and better streets, more and better schools and school teachers, parks and playgrounds. These can be obtained only through the power of the ballot. When a Party organization recognizes your political power, it will hasten, regardless of its brand, to serve you. The larger your vote, the greater your political power.

Already we have Municipal Court Judges, a leader of an Assembly District, Assemblymen and Aldermen. Let us make up our minds *now* to concentrate our efforts in the future to the election of Congressmen.

In the meantime, there is a selection of worthy men of the major parties from which you may choose your representatives in the coming election.

It is against our policy to support any Party, but out of gratitude and by way of showing our appreciation of the record of William T. Andrews, present Assemblyman of the 21st A.D., we think he should be returned to office.

A PRINTING SHOP EPISODE

(A SHORT STORY)

By LIONEL O. THORNHILL

• • •

The depression had swept the lands — the American continent. Banks had failed by the scores through the relentless scythe of approaching lean years. Dozens of able bodied and skilled men walked the streets and flocked employment bureaus seeking work. The bread line swelled day by day. Hence, those who were fortunate of being employed, literally shook in their boots when their irate employers, most of whom were gloating over this catastrophe, voiced their disapproval of anything.

In New York, a dozen fair-sized job printing presses lined the floor of a down-town printing plant. Their form beds opened and closed intermittingly like the gaping mouths of so many famished children crying to be fed. Before them, like attentive mothers, stood their operators, putting into their mechanical mouths, as though it was food, sheet after sheet of white or colored paper to be printed. The presses hummed and whirled, as though expressing their contentment.

But the proprietor, Charles McGarity, an obese, medium-height man, with a perpetual snarl on his face, looked on with an expression of avarice. He was not contented. Two bulging eyes that glared, and a pouted mouth, combined to denote his unmistakable sign of dissatisfaction. The men weren't feeding the presses fast enough. Soon, his voice, like the invisible whip of a modern Legree, rented the air: "If youse guys don't step on it, I'll throw the whole gang out".

This devil incarnate, like those of his ilk, what did he care how much he abused the King's English — mutilate it, just as he was mutilating the minds and souls of these men whom fate had decreed to be his help! The men writhed and trembled where they stood, reminiscent of Uncle Tom, when the merciless whip of Legree had fallen on his back and thighs.

This unmechanized accelerator of McGarity's was very effective. The presses' momentum quickly increased. He was partly satisfied. A cynical smile played about the corners of his mouth. He moved slowly from where he stood and began to scrutinize the men's work. One of the help, Sam Brolder, a short and slenderly built Negro was working very much slower than the others. One of his fingers had been injured the night previous, impeding his progress greatly.

"You aint making time, Sam," shouted McGarity, "You ain't laying down on the job, are you?" he added in raised tones, while his face developed a crimson hue.

The man looked slowly around. A startled expression appeared on his face, and he stammered: "No suh! No suh, Mr. Charles! Ise doin' the best ah could suh. Ah got mi finger hurt yesterday cleaning the presses".

Sam Brolder was the only Negro in the department. Perhaps that is why his fellow workmen laughed when they heard the tone in which he had spoken. It was no doubt slightly comical and glaringly pusillanimous. But their amused countenances were soon negative, when a moment later McGarity thundered sarcastically: "I don't care where you got your finger hurt and how many of them were hurt. What I want is work — from you or any other man here — under any conditions. And if I can't get 1000 copies an hour from you, out you go! That goes for all of you fellows".

In the composing room, too, the men trembled with fright. They realized that McGarity was no respecter of persons. He drew no color line where production was concerned. He may pay a dollar or so more to a white, than to a colored help, but that was his limit.

"McGarity isn't human," murmured James Hendson, a Negro compositor; tall and slenderly built; with alert eyes set in a narrow face. Coincidentally, the only help of his hue in that department.

James Hendson, unlike his brother Sam, was a cultured Negro, and fairly well educated. He craved "Law" as a career, but was temporarily hindered from pursuing his studies owing to the economical phases of his marital life.

"I would have given McGarity a heated argument," said James Hendson to a jewish lad who worked side of him.

"You shouldn't say that," Irving Schwletz the young man in question returned admonishingly, while his tall, heavy-set frame swayed slightly.

"Why shouldn't I?" queried James airily. "Take Sam's case for instance," he added. "Was it any fault of his that he got his finger hurt?"

"Not as far as I know," Irving answered indifferently.

"Then Sam should have argued to the last word. McGarity isn't human, I tell you. He hasn't a soul," James said vehemently.

"Sh-h-h-h, not so loud," Irving whispered.

"Sh-h-h-h, nothing. The trouble with the fellows is: they are not sure of themselves."

"Who is?" Irving queried blandly.

"Who? Well, I am," James returned self-confidently. "I know my job, and McGarity knows that I know it, and—"

At this juncture, the men hurriedly dispersed, for, luckily, they had caught the scrutinizing gaze of the proprietor, which was focussed in their direction.

About an hour later, during the luncheon period, the men resumed their talk: "You see," said Irving, connecting the broken thread of their conversation as he sipped a glass of beer. "You're not even as fortunate as Sam. He is single, and can stand being out of a job longer than you can. You have a wife and two or three children, I think."

"Two," James said informatively.

"And to booth you're a Negro," Irving continued. "Not that I mean to infer anything as regards your race. In fact, if I didn't have you well in my esteem, I wouldn't have said it."

"That's accepted," James interrupted. "One, especially of my race, should be cautious in these times; but, of course, not stupidly meticulous."

"Yes," said Irving; "but it's wise not to answer. 'Talk' gets you into trouble. It never fails."

Continued on Page 6

JOHN DOE

Says —

According to Warren Hilton, A. B., L. L. B., in his "Applied Psychology".

"All human achievement comes about through bodily activity.

"All bodily activity is caused, controlled and directed by the mind.

"The Mind is the instrument you must employ for the accomplishment of any purpose . . .

"Your mind is like the receiving apparatus of the wireless telegraph which picks from the air those particular vibrations to which it is attuned. Your mind is selective. It is discriminating. It seizes upon those few sensory images that are related to your interests in life and thrusts them forward to be consciously perceived and acted upon. All others it diverts into a subconscious reservoir of temporary oblivion . . .

"You should understand the relationship between your mind and your environment, since they are the two principal factors in your working life. . . .

"All the factors of success or failure are factors of your own choosing and creation."

• • •

HERBERT L. BRUCE,

LEADER OF 21st A. D.

Herbert L. Bruce, of the Beavers Democratic Club, was recently elected Democratic Leader of the 21st Assembly District. He is the first Negro to hold that position in Tammany Hall. His nearest opponent for the leadership, Charles J. Conklin, white, lost by a vote of 252 to 213. Mr. Bruce states that the "rights and interests of all racial and colored groups in the district will be jealously guarded and protected" under his leadership, "without regard to race, creed or color."

JOHNNIE KELLY

Johnnie Kelly, former Advertising Agent and Circulation Manager, for some time has been contacting Agencies and Newsdealers in localities other than New York City in an effort to increase our circulation. Returning from a vacation this summer thru Georgia, Tennessee and Cleveland, Ohio, Mr. Kelly reports that the field is very fertile.

EGBERT WILSON

Egbert Wilson, member of the Board of Directors of Negro Needs Society, has undertaken the formation of a club for the "advertisement of the virtues rather than the vices of our people." Interested parties may contact Mr. Wilson thru EDUCATION or communicate with him directly—310 West 140th Street.

DRIFTING CLOUDS

By WILLIAM A. STEPHENSON

There's music in my soul tonight,
Each zephyr seems a part
Of a celestial symphony
That's played upon my heart.

There's beauty in the air tonight,
For lo, on high, I see
Masses of clouds go drifting by
In glorious pageantry.

The moon shines brilliantly above,
The earth o'erflows with light,
My soul ecstatic rises
Inspired by the sight

Of the elements united
In one gorgeous display,
As the clouds go slowly drifting
Thru the skies in grand array.

• • •

HEREAFTER ?

By PAULINE L. COLLINS

Were I to deem eternity
as being ever thus,
Then Eden's fair prospective
could be shared by none of us
Whose skins proclaim that
we are but a target
for each nation
To stand aloof and practice
to perfect discrimination.

If Heaven's promise only means
ascendancy for such
To flutter by—black angels shunned—
would Hell hurt half so much?

WANTED

Manuscripts: Articles of interest; essays; plays; poems, etc. Obscure talent now has a fine chance to make its public debut. Grasp the opportunity. "The next time" may be too late.

A PRINTING SHOP EPISODE

Continued from page 4

"A locked mouth reacts similarly," said James philosophically. "And in my opinion the greater of the two evils," he added in an afterthought. After a brief pause, he continued: "I still maintain that if you're in your rights, when, one of these devils incarnate abuses you, you can talk back freely and be respected for your fearlessness and candor."

James' expression was mere theory which he had logically argued with himself time and again and which had seeped into his very soul. But as regards putting it into effect, well, that was questionable. He knew too well, even better than Irving did, of his pressing responsibilities; pertaining, not only to his wife and children, but also to the partial upkeep of his mother and ailing brother; all of whom he loved so dearly, that no sacrifice was too great for them.

When the men went back to work, the pressroom was in a veritable pandemonium. Charles McGarity was yelling to the foreman: "And you stood there and let that guy (meaning Sam), get away with it. Why, he ain't done one dollar worth of work all morning. He ain't earned his half day's pay much less making a profit for me."

The foreman, Max Bender, a short, middle-aged Hebrew with prominent bald pate, was reticent. Had it been a different instance, he too would have bellowed at Sam as he was wont. But this glaring display of inhumanity had him spellbound. Hence a few minutes fleeted by before an explanation escaped his lips: "If the man's finger wasn't hurt, I too would have yelled at him for not producing enough work. Perhaps I would have made you throw him out on his ear. But knowing what had happened, I didn't say anything. I knew he was very much handicapped."

"Handicapped!" McGarity vociferated. "Well, that's my end of it. I'm the one to know who is handicapped or not. Every man here is supposed to turn out a 1000 sheets an hour, sick or well. I don't care how he gets sick or where he gets sick. As long as he is here he has to produce. Give Sam his time," he added vehemently.

The foreman reluctantly nodded to the darkskinned help to discontinue work. After which he told him to go to the cashier for his pay. Sam's hand trembled as he grasped the lever. Gradually the press stopped. With head bowed, he walked, mechanically to the cashier's box.

James Hendson glanced at McGarity with unmistakable ire. As Sam received his pay envelope, he looked at it, weighed it between his forefinger and thumb and sighed, The contents was the meagre reward of $7.50 for two and one half days of honest toil.

Now it seemed as though McGarity had the proverbial chip on his shoulder, only in a verbal way. Sam had scarcely closed the door of the factory behind him, when McGarity bellowed: "That's an example for you fellows. When you come here, make up your minds to work."

Irving smiled, then shot a glance at James. The latter did not return it. He was looking in McGarity's direction. In the meanwhile, the proprietor had taken a seat at his desk.

Just then, the phone rang. Gertie, the stenographer, hastened to an improvised booth to answer it. Grumpy McGarity sat staring at the booth. He knew it was an outside call for one of the men; otherwise, the phone on his desk would have rung instead. "Hang it," he muttered, "this is no time to call the men." Then the devil in him blared forth: "Didn't I tell you fellows not to let anyone call you during working hours?"

Every man's heart was racing within him. Everyone was hoping against hope that the call was not for him. In the mood McGarity was in, anything was liable to happen. It would no doubt be a good excuse to get rid of the offender.

In the meanwhile, Gertie had emerged from the booth. All eyes looked at her with a brief expectant stare. Every man thought he had heard his name called as Gertie told McGarity who was wanted on the phone.

"What they want him for?" growled McGarity. This is working hours. It's against the rules for any of the employees to receive calls."

"But the party said it was important," said Gertie.

"Important!" repeated McGarity with a scowl on his face. "Go and tell whoever it is to give you the message."

Gertie again hastened to the booth. A moment later, she returned. "His wife says she must speak to him. It's very, very important."

"Alright, alright. Go and tell him," McGarity said grudgingly.

As Gertie left McGarity's desk and walked slowly to the pressroom, paused and spoke to the foreman, the men quailed with fear. She then entered the composing room and spoke to Irving. His heavy-set frame swayed while he stammered: "You — you want me, Gertie?" The color had left his cheeks.

Gertie smiled and passed on. It was not until she had laid her forefinger on James Hendson, that Irving regained his composure. "James," she said, "you're wanted on the wire."

The Negro's heart skipped a beat. A cold sensations engulfed his body. It was the first time during the twelve years he had been with the firm that a phone call had come to him during working hours. He had told his wife never to call him at that time unless the occasion was very grave.

James was no doubt anxious. Nay — over-anxious. He was thinking and visualizing the worse. His heart raced within him. Beads of perspiration appeared on his forehead. The vision of one of his children being run over by a car, dangled before his eyes like an animated skeleton. The thought of some sudden sickness which necessitated immediate medical attention also gripped him. Or perhaps — No time to speculate. Whatever it was, he must hear it. He quickened his steps. All eyes were briefly focussed on him as he entered the booth. He was no sooner in, than he was out again. Whatever was the nature of the news, it was so sudden and unexpected that an appalling expression swept over his face. His body swayed noticeably. Gripping the door of the booth, he slowly regained his equilibrium.

James then walked mechanically to McGarity's desk. The other man looked at him intermittingly with glances of amazement. James paused before the desk. His fingers twitched. His lips quivered. In his eyes was a peculiar stare.

McGarity looked at him with ire. Drummed the desk with his fingers in impatient gesture. "Well! Well! What's the matter now?" he snapped.

James gasped for breath. He wanted to speak, but his lips were as though glued. His tongue, as though tied. His thoughts were retrospective.

"What's the matter now?" McGarity again demanded. "Lost your speech" he added in raised tones.

This brought James to life. My—my—" he hesitated.

Continued on Page 8

TO THE VOTERS OF NEW YORK CITY

By WILLIAM T. ANDREWS

(Assemblyman 21st A.D.)

• • •

The Coming Session of our State Legislature will present many interesting and important questions for the People of this great State. Our Chief Executive of the State and his staff in cooperation with Attorney General Bennett are planning many measures designed to combat crime. There has been little doubt that the study of our Unemployment Insurance Law by the Members of the Advisory Council has developed and found points which will be needed to more effectively administer the law when contributions begin. There will be questions of further improvement of housing conditions in New York City especially. You, no doubt, know that last year a real effort was made to have the State of New York ratify the Federal Child Labor Amendment. I was among those who led the fight for adoption. Then there will be again, as there has been for a number of years, the question of congressional and legislative reapportionment. Finally, there is certain to be many bills presented by Governor Lehman which will have for their purpose the further rehabilitation of our citizens from the disastrous effects of the passing, we hope, of the economic depression, as well as other social legislation.

On November 5, we are and will elect our representative of the lower house, the Assembly, and in a few instances, where there have been vaacncies recreated by death, also State Senators. This is an important election, so important it is that the Republicans are trying to link National and State issues in an effort to confuse the Voters. There is no question of National Policy at issue now, nor will the election of an Assemblyman indicate how the people of the State might or might not vote next year in the Presidential election. The sole issue is, will you uphold the progressive, humane, social legislation of Governor Lehman. If so, do not tie his hands by returning a Republican Assembly to Albany. Vote for the Democratic Candidates and thereby continue the outstanding record made by Governor Lehman and the Legislature controlled by Democrats last year.

I am a Candidate for re-election, which means that I have served one year. In the 21st Assembly District, the Voters have not had any of its Assemblymen honored with important positions in the Assembly because they have changed them too often. Power within that body or any legislative body comes with continual service. Allow me to quote what has been said of my record as an Assemblyman last year: "One of the ablest, most independent, and public-spirited of all the Assemblymen. His speech in favor of the Child Labor Amendment was one of the finest of the season. He took an active interest in improving Housing Conditions. He rendered to his constituents in his first year distinctive service". I shall work as hard this coming legislative year as I did in the one past. This year I shall be more experienced than I was last year.

The fight in 1936 for the adoption of the Child Labor Amendment will surely be waged again. I am deeply interested in its passage, not only from the humane point of view but from the economic as well. New York State, with its excellent Child Labor Laws, protects our children fairly well from the dwarfed mental and physical development which is brought on by avaricious employers who work minors between 11-16 years old. The protection which the children had under the N.R.A. is now gone with its passing. These infant laborers, thousands of whom I have seen, cry out for aid and a chance at life. This is true regardless of race, color or creed. Then there is the economic question. The industries in New York State cannot compete with those in states where child labor can be employed, for our laws compel the employment of adults—at higher wages. Industries are therefore leaving New York while many new ones, with all labor conditions being equal, would come here, go where they can secure cheap child labor. Then our men and women are not as largely employed as they would be if this amendment were adopted. The amendment will be ratified this year.

Then, as I have said, there is the matter of reapportionment, both Congressional and Legislative. It has been years since the State has been reapportioned. There have been shifts in population; and no section has grown faster than has colored Harlem. Both the Republican and the Democratic Parties in drafting reapportionment bills have failed to give fair representation to this section. We are entitled to a colored representative in Congress, as well as a State Senator, and no reduction in the number of Assemblymen. We are more than ⅛th of the population of New York County. I disapproved of the last reapportionment bill because it was unfair to Negroes. I shall support reapportionment only if it is fair to us.

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EDUCATION

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A PRINTING SHOP EPISODE

Continued from Page 6

"Your what?" McGarity growled.

"My-my brother, sir. He's awfully sick. Double pneumonia. Has to get oxygen — immediately. Or — or the doctor says he'll die."

"Your brother!" McGarity said cynically. What do you want me to do? I can't cure him."

"I know you can't sir," James said meekly. "But I would like to do what I can before it's too late. I want to go to him immediately. Rather, the doctor says I must. My brother wants me by his side."

"Ah! It ain't as bad as all that," McGarity said with a mocking grin. "It's now 1:30. You quit as 5:30. You'll have plenty of time to go to him then. Furthermore, the job you're working on has to go to press this afternoon. Go back to your work."

This was the proverbial straw that broke the camel's back. James did not budge. But stood there and glared at his employer. In the brief seconds that sped by he had made up his mind to go to his brother's side. But should he lose his job? What then? He visualized his wife and children and his mother who lived with them, destitute. They would hardly have enough to tide them over another week. Meddling neighbors and so-called friends would gloat at their misfortune. No, he couldn't. But what of his brother? Perhaps a last word. His thoughts then traveled back to his childhood days. He remembered how they had played together. How their mother had taught them to be each others support in time of adversity. In time of sickness. He remembered how their father before he had died, interlocked their hands before he had bade them farewell. He could hear his voice as though they were still on the boat which bore them to the U. S. A., telling them to be each others staff of comfort.

James Hendson now pictured this very brother, perhaps writhing in agony. No doubt, calling for him; ere he left these mortal shores. These visions electrified him. His very frame shook. Hence, the thought of losing a good job, faded into insignificance. All he could have seen was the contorted face of a dying man.

"You heard what I said?" bellowed McGarity. "Go back to your work". This was the third time McGarity had said this; but James was so engrossed in thoughts that he did not hear. Now — yes, now, he heard distinctly. It released his pent-up fury and whipped him into a state of frenzy.

A moment later, he glared at McGarity and vociferated: "Your work; the money you're going to lose; that's all you think about. It's your paramount thought. But a man, a human being like yourself who is suffering; who wants aid; who would give this world of gold to see the face of a loved one before he dies, means nothing — absolutely nothing to you. A farewell word; a fond embrace; a kiss from his lips that's fast turning to ice, means nothing — nothing."

McGarity squirmed in his seat. James' voice was heard distinctly above the tumult of the presses which were gradually losing momentum. Their operators were so appalled, they were forced to stop them and listen to the deluge of words emanating from the mouth of this infuriated Negro help. A veritable verbal combat was no doubt in the offing, for a few minutes later McGarity rose and banged his fist on his desk, his face beaming ruddy with resentment as he said: "All I had to say, I've said already. I ain't interested in your brother or anyone else. When you take your coat off in here, to the time you put it back on, the time is mine. And say, you guys over there," he added in raised tones while pointing in the direction of the press operators, "feed them presses". Almost reluctantly the men turned their faces toward their machines, reached mechanically for the levers, and the presses began to hum once more. "And you, James", he said, while glaring at his enraged help. I've had enough from you, and —"

"No, you haven't heard all that I have to say," James said in now lowered tones. "I want to work, and you know it, for I've served you for twelve years. But in a case like this when a man's life is in the balance, it is my right to go to him. And to boot, Mr. McGarity, this man happens to be my brother. Perhaps you do not know what that means. Well, I'll tell you."

McGarity in the meanwhile had walked off, but James followed him. "We were borne by the same mother. We grew up together. When I was alone and destitute, he was the only friend I had. The only man that gave me something and did not want my soul in return for it."

"I don't want to hear anything more," said McGarity while fumbling in his pocket for something imaginable.

But you must," said James, who continued: "It's love, and I cherish it dearly. The only thing I ever inherited. God's gift to man. Greater than all the wealth you can amass.

McGarity stopped in his tracks and looked the dark-skinned man squarely in his eyes. No doubt, he was astounded.

"I'm sorry sir," James then said; "but I'll have to go. The job I'm working on can wait. Timely aid for a dying man, cannot". Exactly fifteen minutes had elapsed since James had received the urgent phone call.

"If you go you look for another job," McGarity said over his shoulder.

James shrugged his shoulders, then hurried to the locker. He took out his coat, placed his felt hat carelessly on his head and left the factory as though propelled by a rocket.

About four days later, James re-entered the factory. McGarity had sent for him. Everyone looked at him surprisedly as he walked slowly to McGarity's desk. The proprietor looked at him steadfastly. A sympathetic light gleaned from his eyes. "How — how is your brother, James?" he asked eagerly.

James' head was bowed. He did not reply immediately. His fingers twitched nervously. He was lost in thoughts. Again the vision of his boyhood days dangled before his eyes. He felt the sincere clasp of his brother's hand as his father interlocked it with his. His chest heaved. He then slowly raised his head and his gaze met with McGarity's eager one, while he said in slow impassionate tones: "My—my brother, sir? I—I was just fifteen minutes too late, sir."

An expression of remorse lingered on McGarity's face. He then observed a black piece of crepe around one of the mourning man's coat sleeves.

"James, I'm awful sorry that you've lost your brother," McGarity said gravely; "but," he added comfortingly; "you have not lost your job".

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